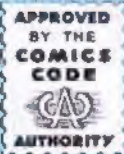




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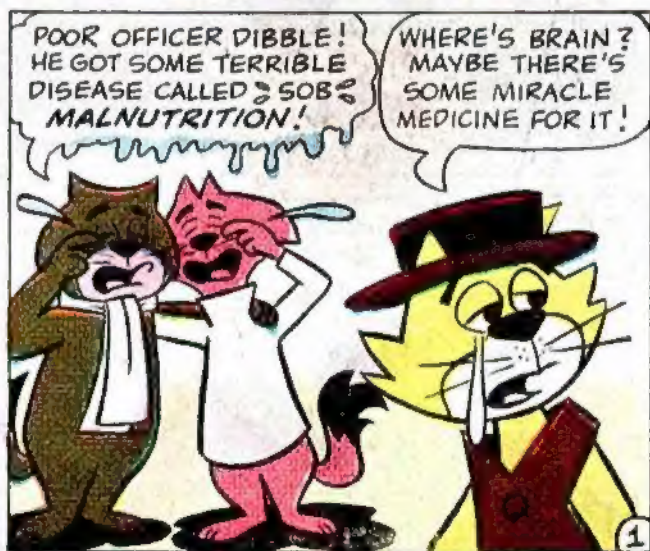
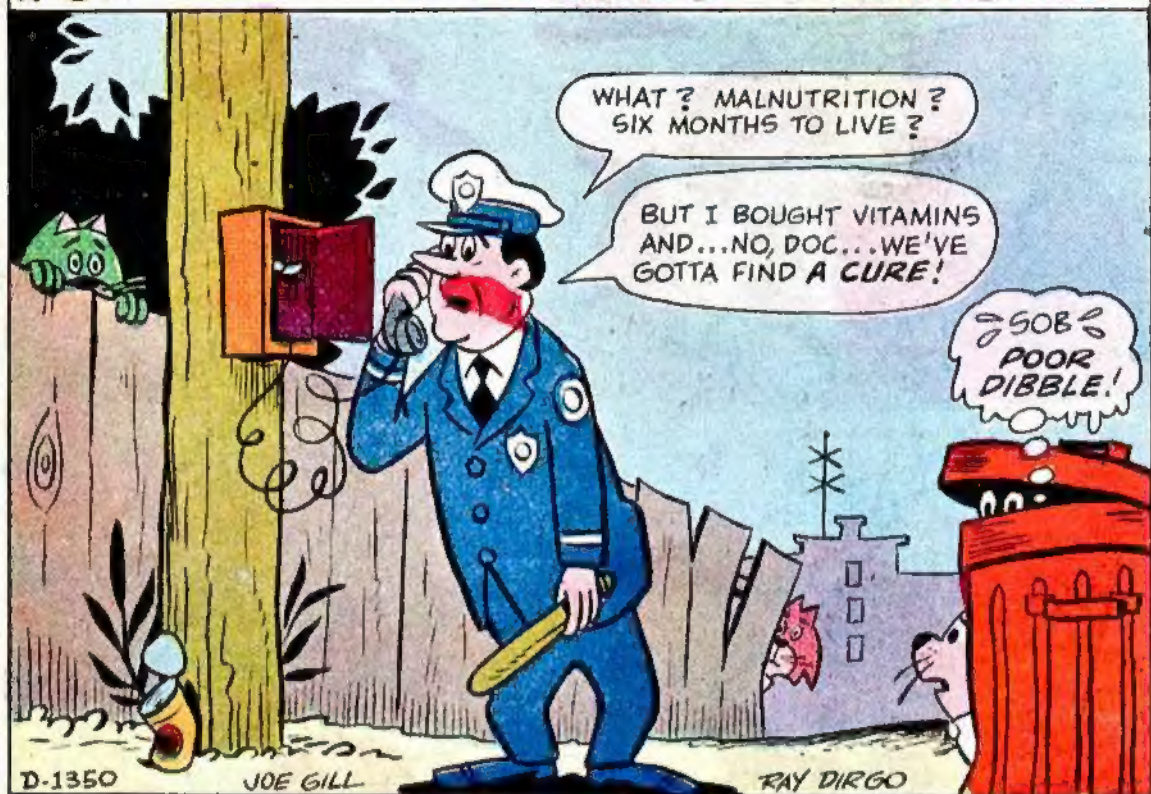
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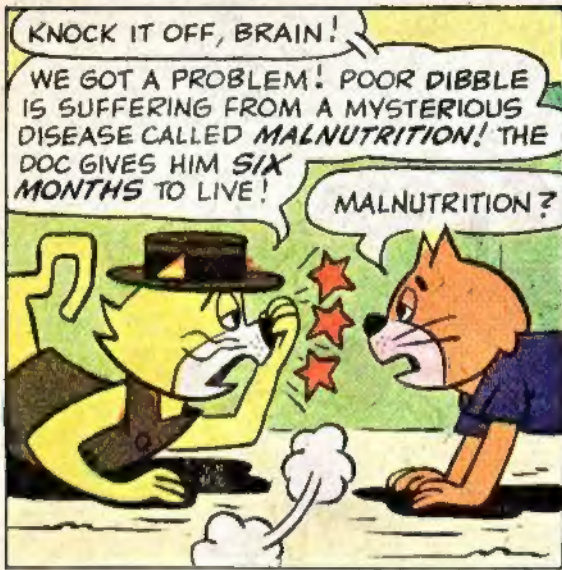
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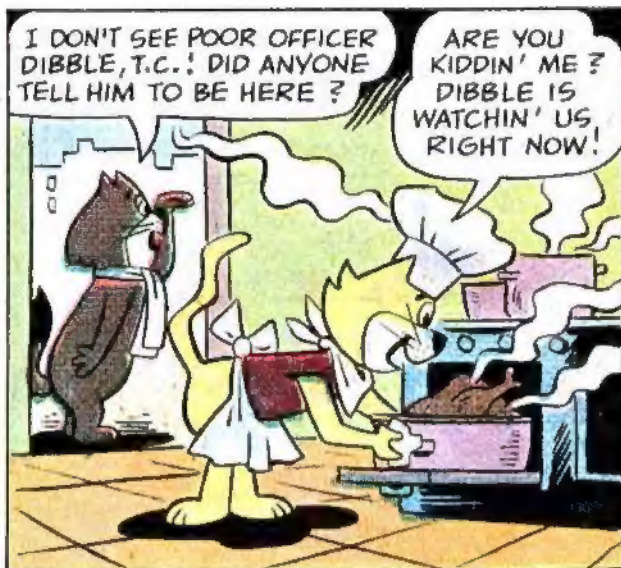
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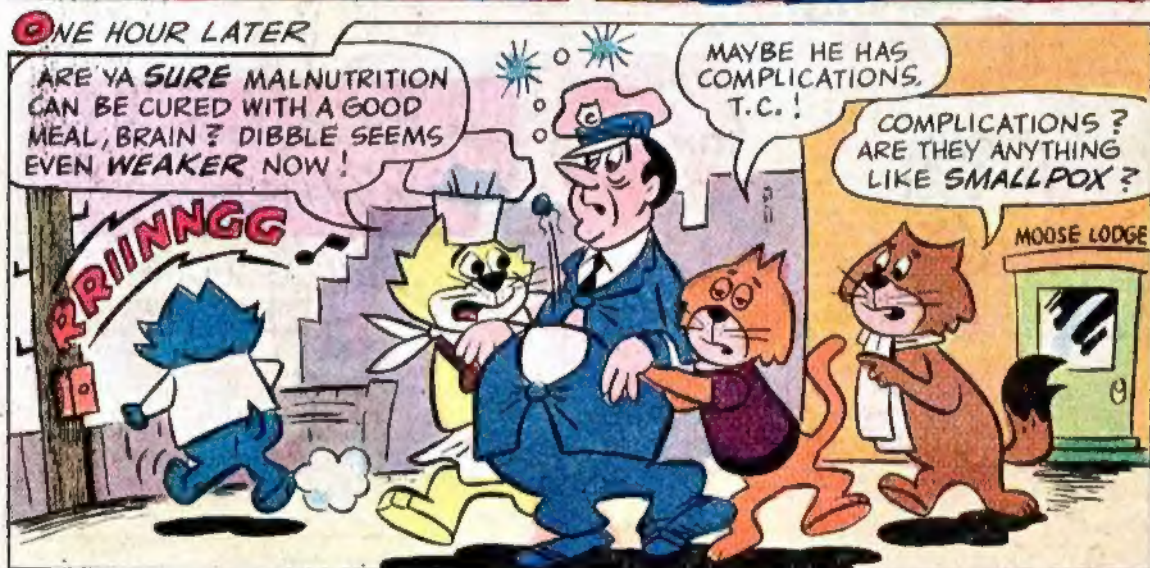
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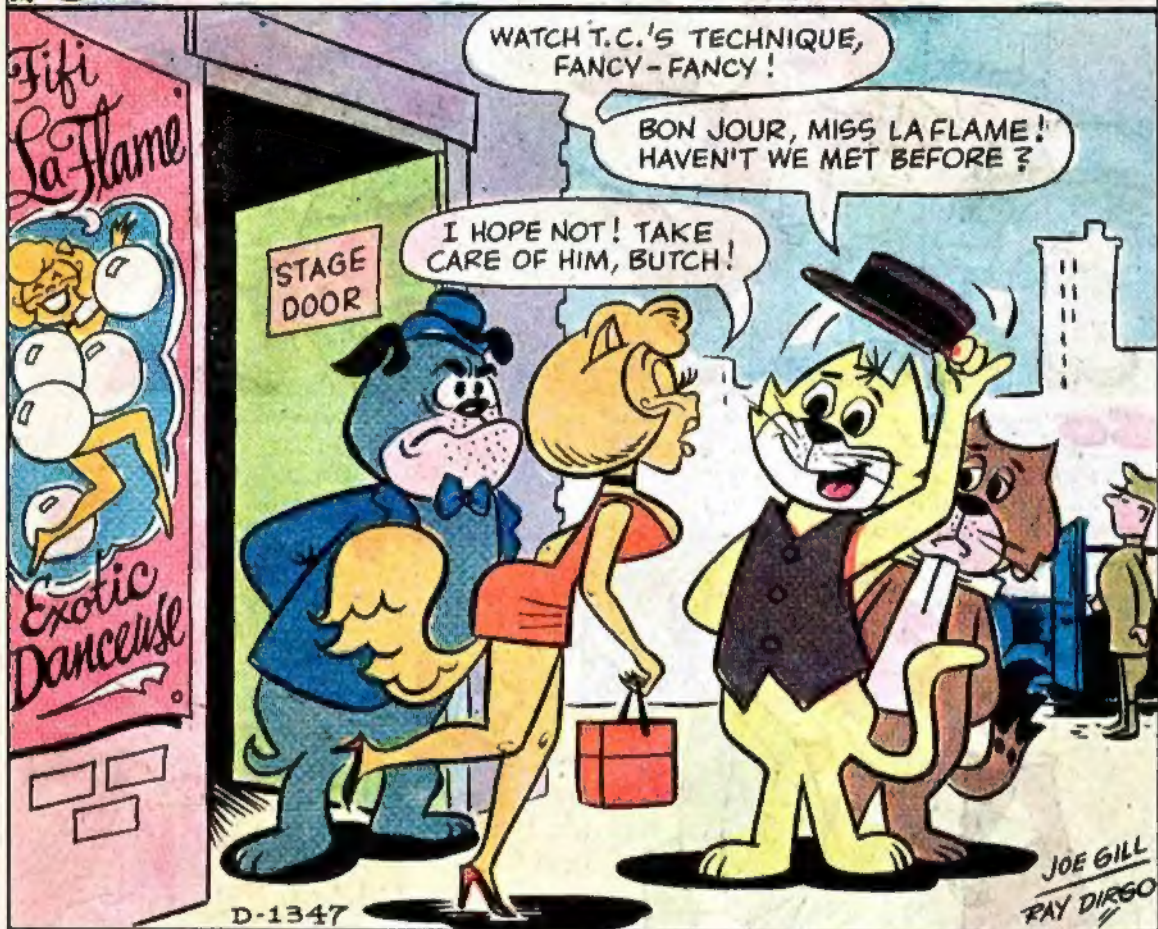


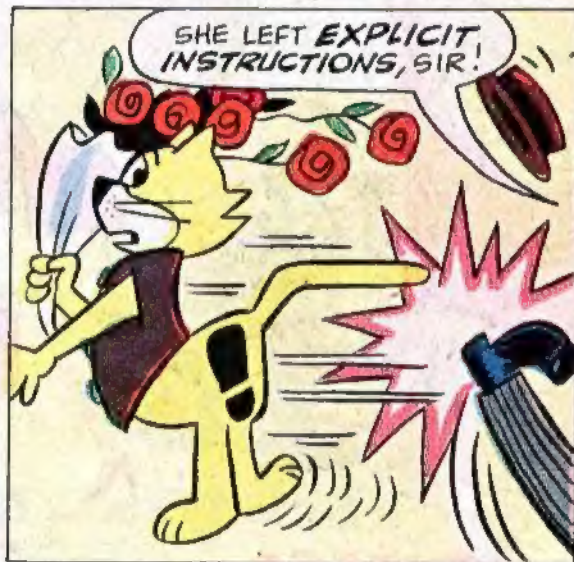
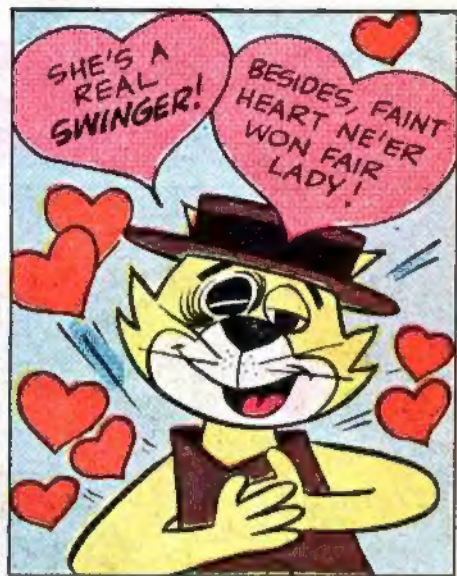
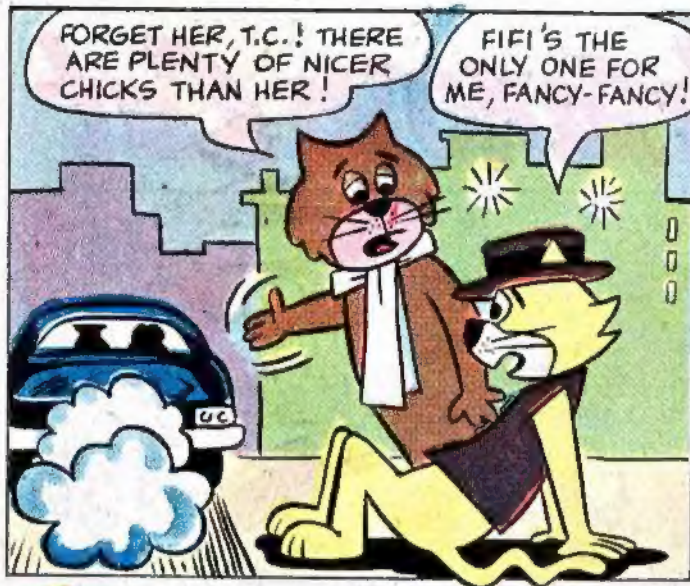


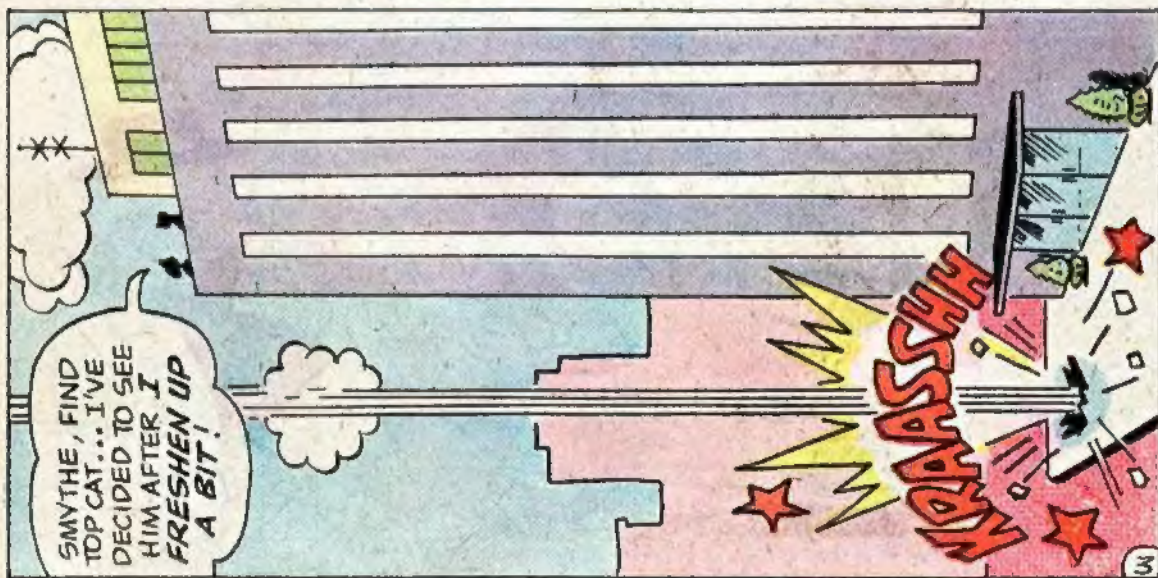
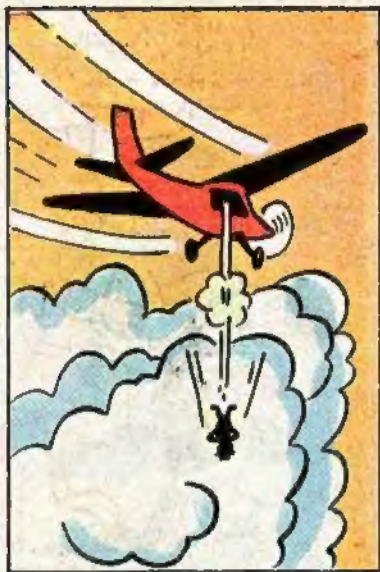


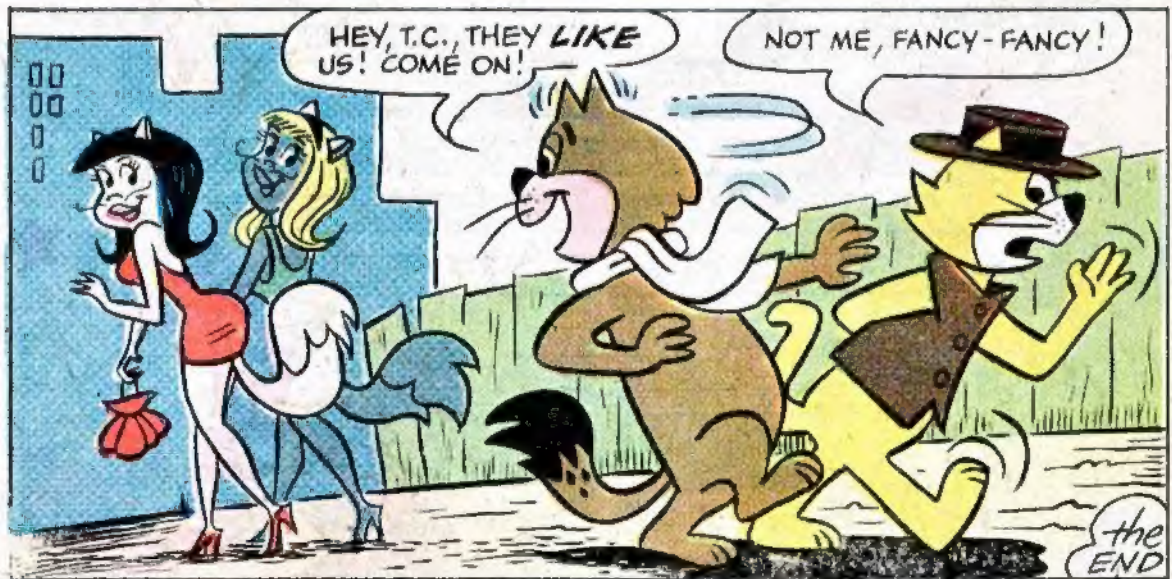
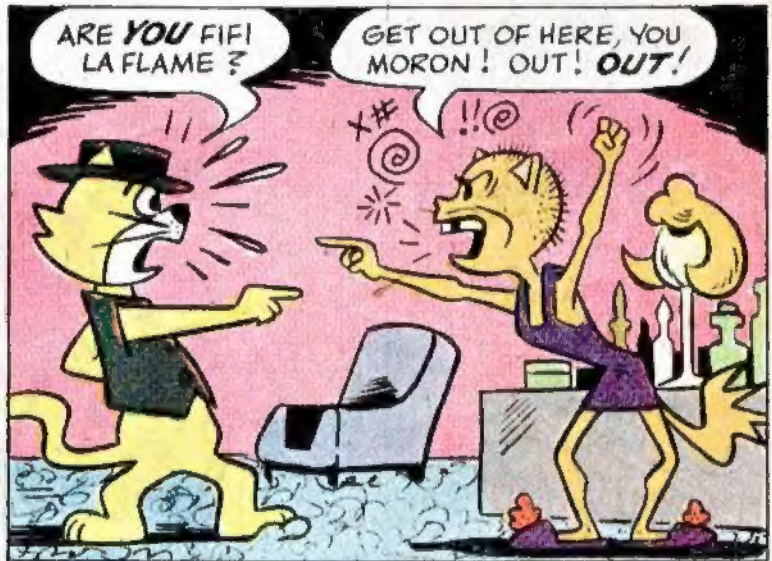
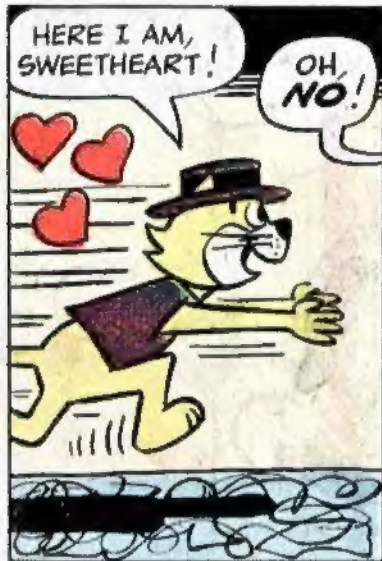


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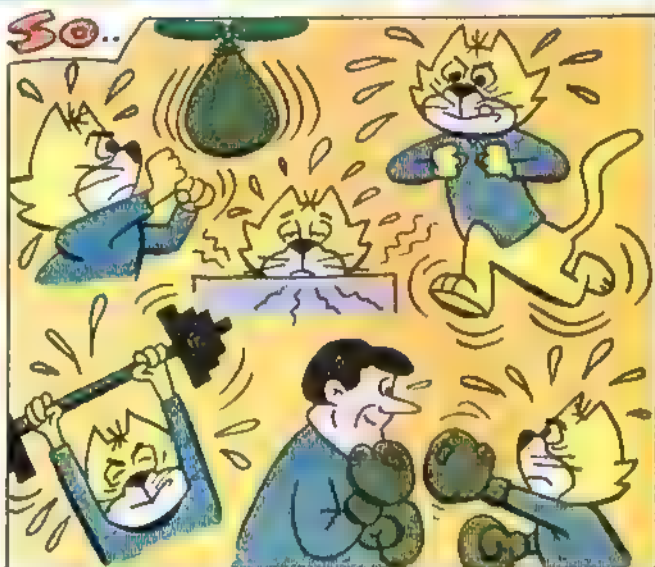


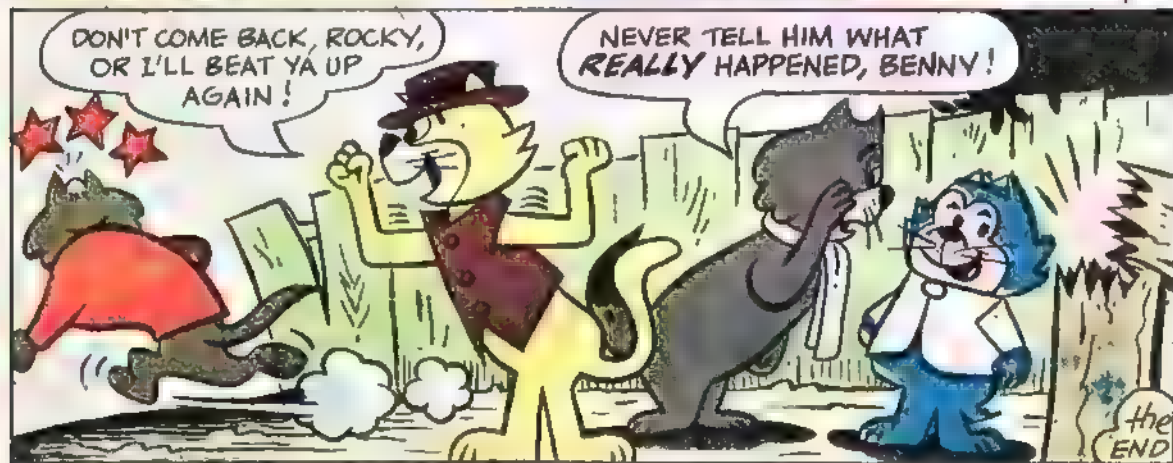
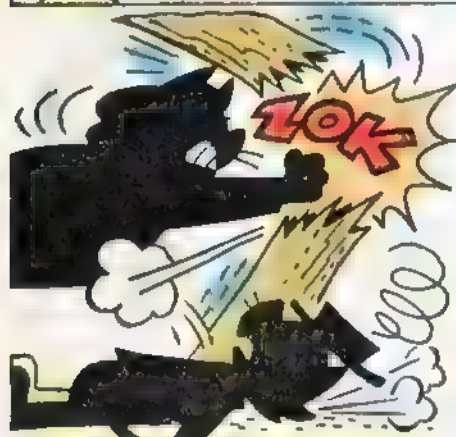
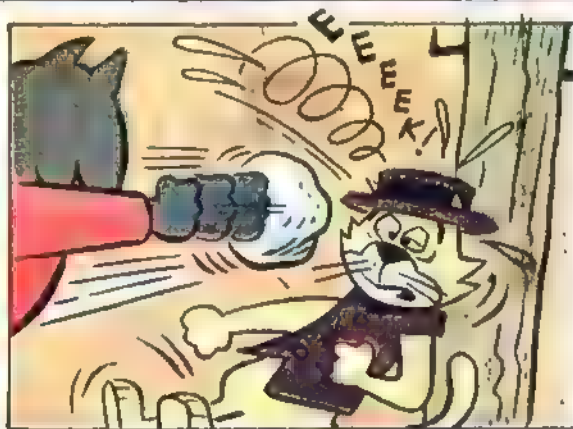
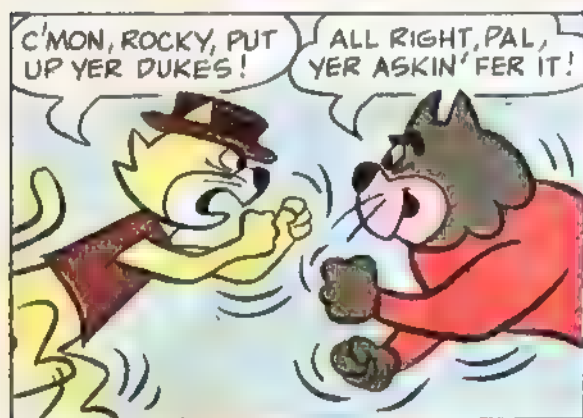
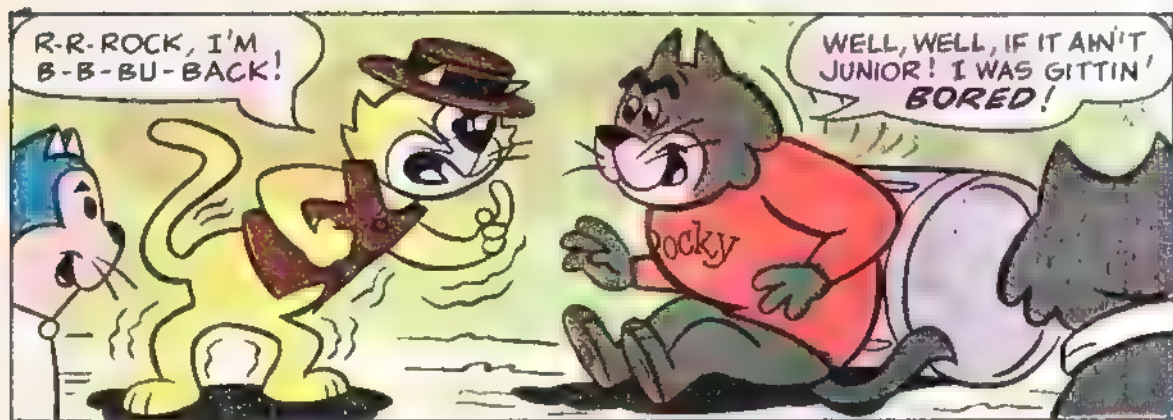
TOP CAT Pin-Up



TOP CAT: The New Champ







TOP CAT Pin-Up



BONERS, MOANERS AND GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they have studied and learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning of the thought clear, those kids can give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or a puzzle. Or find something that teacher doesn't know.

They enjoyed "inventing games". This one was brought to my class by Philip. We had a free time period in which the children could do whatever they wished - with limitations of course. So Phil raised his hand and came up to the front of the room. On the blackboard he wrote: "Describe the laziest man in the world."

Here are some of the descriptions given by the kids: "He is on the beach. Sees a \$1,000 bill on the sand. Too lazy to pick it up"; "He has a big meal in front of him on the table. Too lazy to eat it."; "It is raining very hard. He carries an umbrella. He is too lazy to open it."; "He is still a little boy like us. He was just too lazy to grow up and become a man."; "He never went to his new home. He was too lazy to climb up a flight of stairs."; and "He got killed by a car because he was too lazy to get out of its way."

The one I liked the best was this one: "He just was too lazy to breathe in some fresh air. So you all know what happened to him."

One look at Marsha's face and I instinctively felt that she was going to try to "get me". She came up to my desk.

"Something I want to know," she said to me. "What is it?" I replied to her.

"Why is it that a person who doesn't believe in God should never say good-bye to another person?" she said.

"A person who doesn't believe in God is called an atheist," I informed her. I then wrote the word on the board. "But I don't know the reason. Seems to me that if a person is polite, then the proper thing to say when leaving another person is good-bye."

"Good-bye means God Be With You," Marsha informed me. "So such a person should say farewell or see you again."

I immediately started talking about some important products of France. In teaching this is called "the switch". Comes in handy when you are stuck with something. After school I looked it up. Sure enough, Marsha was right, and the next day I complimented her before the entire class.

There is a saying: "Hell is paved with good intentions." You might make a slight change: "Hell is paved with boners." This one that I made with a suggestion from a student looked like doing the right thing. Ruth was president of our class. She fell down some stairs and was injured. So she had to remain home from school for a week.

Stephanie came from another country. She told the students that in her country they had a custom when a member of the class was home because of sickness or illness.

"We go in groups of four to visit our classmate. Each one of us brings some fruit."

Tommy then told Stephanie that we do the same thing in this country. We also send get-better cards. However the class voted 100% to follow Stephanie's idea or suggestion. So each day after school, four classmates visited Ruth. One brought an apple, one an orange, one an avocado, and one some grapes. Other fruits the next day and so on. We expected Ruth back on Monday. But she didn't return. At lunch time, Mr. Peterson, the assistant principal, sent for me.

"It was a good idea of yours to have the students visit. Ruth with gifts of fruit. But alas, it didn't work out so well. Ruth's mother phoned me. Her daughter will be out for two more days. She recovered from the fall, but has a very bad upset stomach from eating all the gift fruit. Lucky somebody didn't give her a wax banana. She probably would have eaten it also."

The next day Bobby wanted to know something. His father said to him: "You are a slowpoke. Act as though you have time to kill."

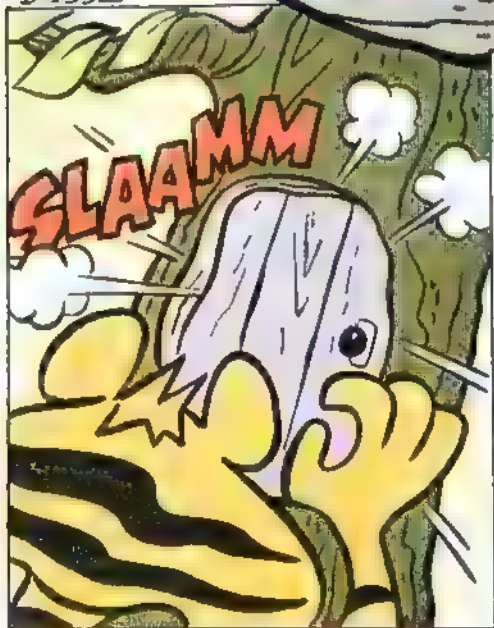
He knew what a slowpoke was, but how could you kill time? Did that mean you broke a watch? And he had heard about Father Time. Who was Father Time? How old was he? If you killed Father Time, then would you be killing time? If you could kill time, could they arrest you? Could they punish you for it? Had anybody ever killed time?

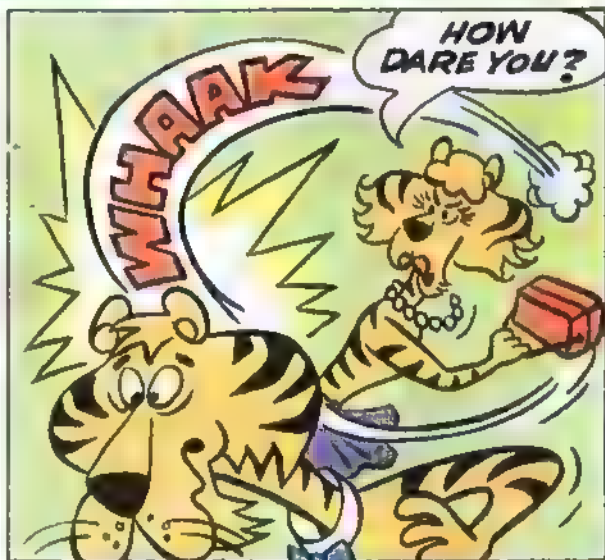
No answer. I told him we had to hurry and do our history lesson for the day. Until next time!

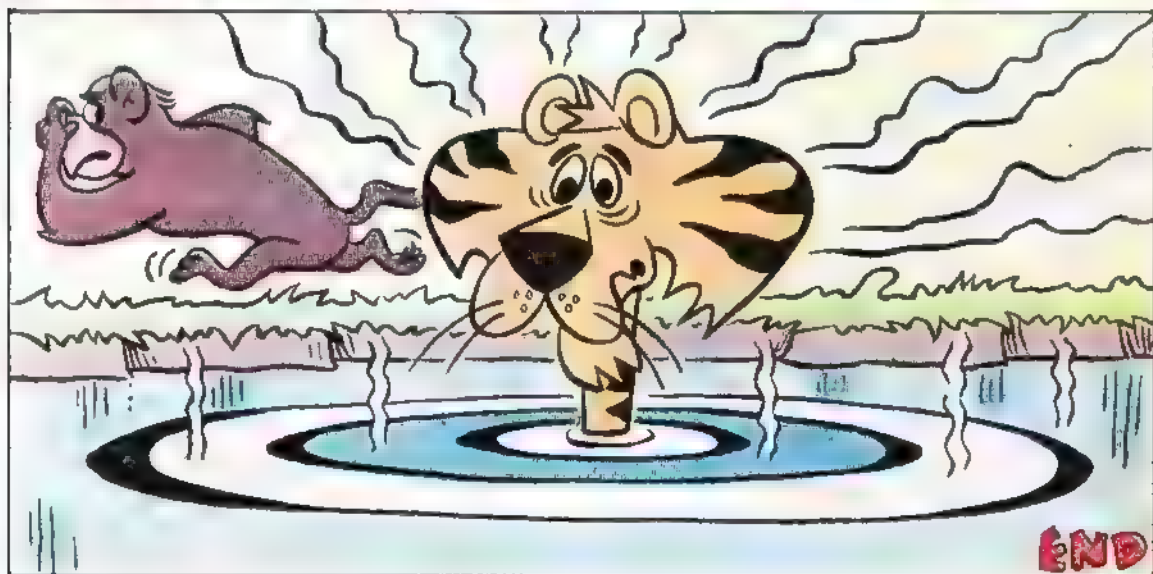
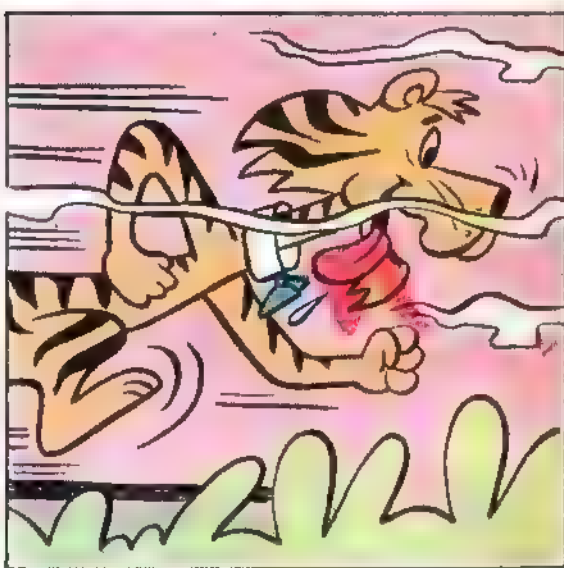
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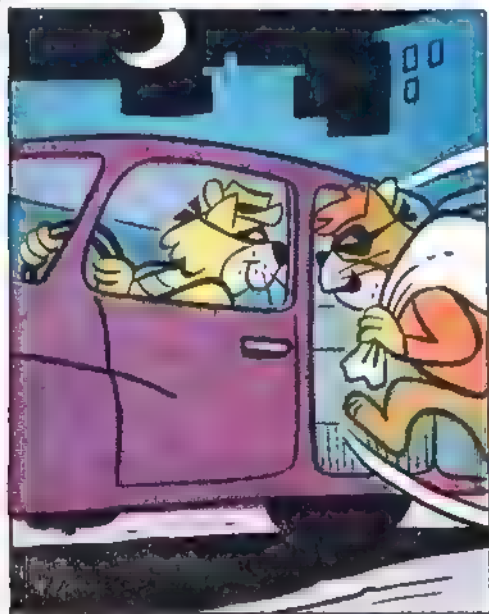
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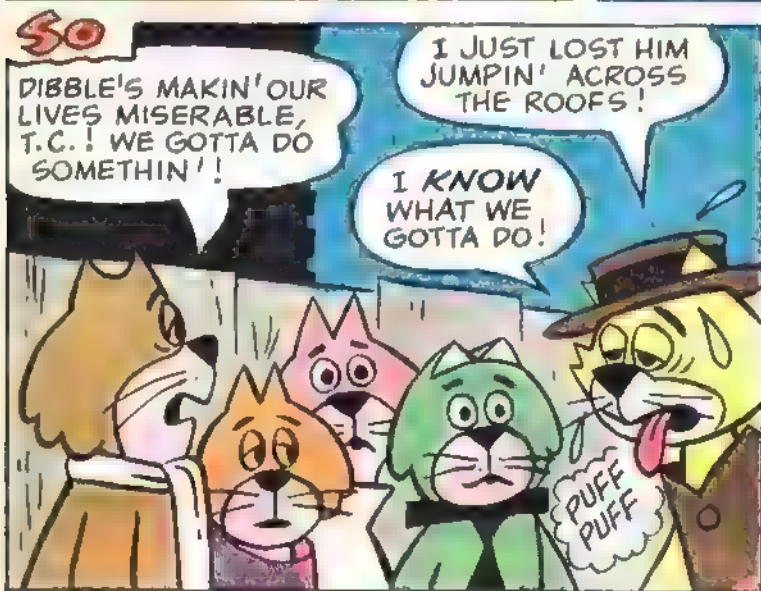
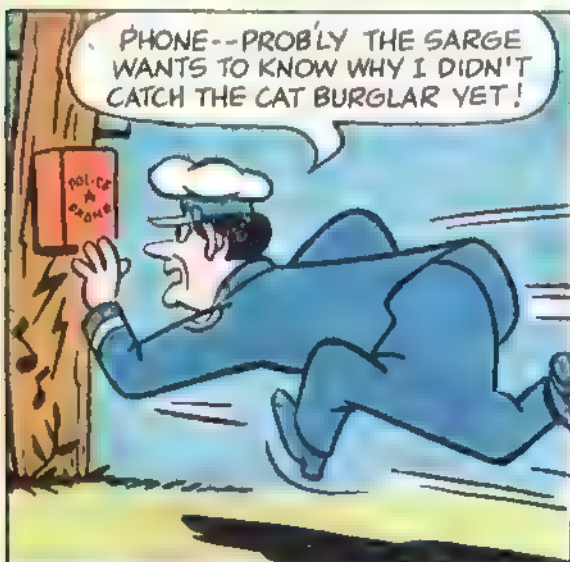
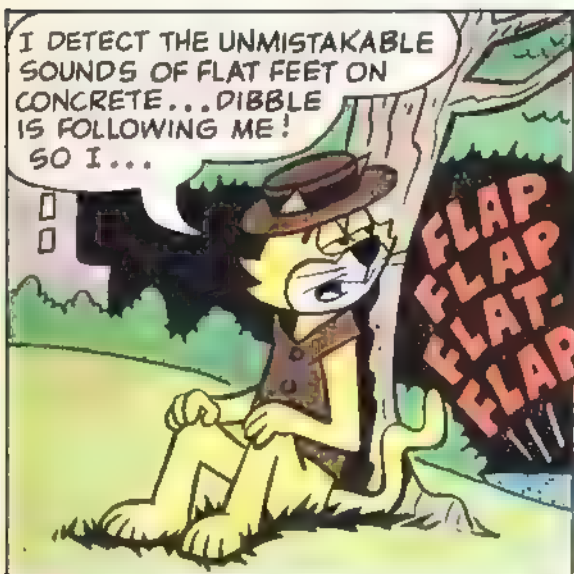


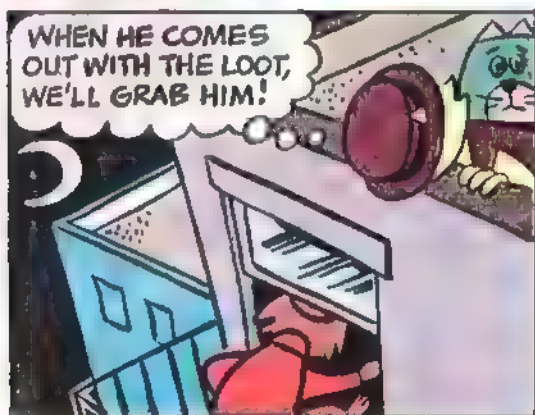
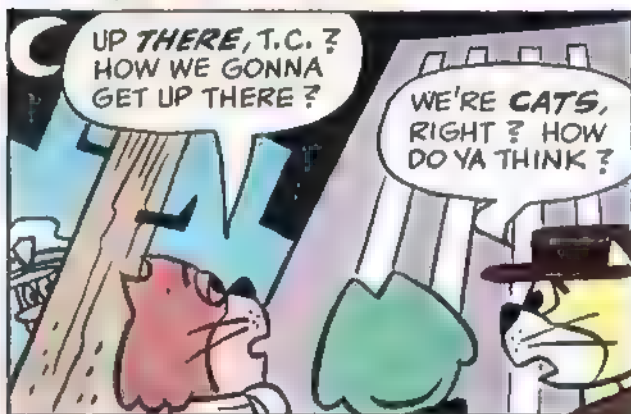




TOP CAT ^{IN THE} Cat Burglars









TOP CAT Dibble the Litterbug







